Kyozan: A True Man of Zen

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Kyozan: A True Man of Zen
Chapter #1
Chapter title: The tremendous statement
3 December 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

OUR BELOVED MASTER,
ONCE, WHEN HE WAS STILL WITH HIS MASTER, KYOZAN SAID TO ISAN, "WHERE DOES THE REAL BUDDHA DWELL?"
ISAN REPLIED, "BY MEANS OF THE SUBTLETY OF THOUGHTLESS THOUGHT, CONTEMPLATE THE BOUNDLESS SPIRITUAL BRIGHTNESS. CONTEMPLATE IT UNTIL RETURNING TO THE GROUND OF BEING, THE ALWAYS ABIDING NATURE, AND ITS FORM OF THE UNDICHOTOMOUS PRINCIPLE. THIS IS THE REAL BUDDHA."
ON HEARING THIS, KYOZAN WAS ENLIGHTENED.
LATER, WHEN KYOZAN HAD BECOME A MASTER HIMSELF, ISAN SENT HIM A MIRROR AS A GIFT. WHEN HE WENT TO THE HALL WHERE HIS MONKS WERE ASSEMBLED, KYOZAN HELD UP THE MIRROR AND SAID TO THE ASSEMBLY, "PLEASE SAY WHETHER THIS IS ISAN'S MIRROR OR

KYOZAN'S MIRROR. IF SOMEONE CAN GIVE A CORRECT REPLY, I WILL NOT SMASH IT."
NO ONE ANSWERED, AND KYOZAN SMASHED THE MIRROR.

Maneesha, a new series of talks begins today.
These are not sermons in a church; these are communions. A discourse, a sermon, remains within the limits of the mind. Only a communion can raise you beyond the mind, and that which is beyond the mind is Zen. A new series of communions is a great event. We will be looking into the very heart of Kyozan.
Kyozan was a very simple man -- not the philosophic kind, not a poet, nor a sculptor. Nothing can be said about him except that he was absolutely authentic, honest. If he does not know a thing he will say so, even at the risk of people thinking that he has fallen from his enlightenment. But this makes him a unique master.
Zen is full of unique masters, but Kyozan's uniqueness is his simplicity. He is just like a child. It took Isan, his master, forty years of hard work to make Kyozan enlightened. He was determined, and he said he would not leave the body until Kyozan became enlightened -- though he was old enough.
Kyozan did everything that Isan said, but nothing penetrated to his very being. He was a very ordinary man. Heaven and hell, God and the beyond had never worried him. He was not a seeker in the sense every seeker is -- a seeker of truth.
No, he was not seeking truth, because he is reported to have said that, "If you are seeking the truth you have certainly

accepted that truth exists, and I will not accept anything on belief. So I am just seeking, searching in all directions, trying to come in tune with the universe. It may be just my fallacy, my fantasy, but I want to go without any prejudice."

Even the prejudice may prove right, but when a prejudice proves right, you will never know the truth. You will go on projecting your prejudice. And you can create a whole paraphernalia of prejudices, a system of beliefs -- rational, logical, appealing, presentable -- but if belief is the base stone on which you are creating the whole palace, you are working unnecessarily hard.

Nobody can come to know the truth by any preconceived idea. His preconceived idea will give a certain shape, a certain color to the experience. The experience will not be pure. It will be as polluted as Poona's air!

But Isan, it seems, took it as a challenge: if an ordinary man like Kyozan cannot be transformed into a buddha, how can you allow others to trust in the existence of the buddha? All the religions have done just the contrary. Krishna is God's incarnation, so is Rama, so is Parasurama. They have made them sit on such a high pedestal that you can only worship, you can only pray; you cannot conceive that you yourself can also experience what these people on the heights are experiencing.

And the creation of hierarchies makes it difficult for almost anyone to be unprejudiced. When the child is born, we have good intentions, but good intentions do not mean that they are going to lead you to the truth. Everybody is burdened with good intentions -- with Shrimad Bhagavadgita, with the Holy Koran, with the Holy Bible. Continuously

repeating anything, slowly slowly it becomes a truth to you. And for centuries these religions have been repeating.
Isan chose Kyozan to be his successor. It took forty years of tremendous work on him, because he was a simple man, and in the first place he was not in search of truth. Just think of some man who is not in search of truth, and you go on knocking on his door every day.
Look at the Witnesses of Jehovah! Whether you want to listen to them or not -- that is immaterial -- you have to listen, you have to confess. And now Pope the Polack has made it a sin... He is a discoverer of a new sin -- all old sinners who are dead must be tossing and turning in their graves that they missed -- he has declared that to confess to God directly is a sin; you should go through the right channel. You should go to the priest, confess to him, receive the punishment, and the priest will take care of you, so that on the Judgment Day when God opens all the graves, the priest will be a witness that, "This fellow is good; as punishment he has given five dollars to you."
But God is going to be in a difficulty, particularly in India. Most of the population believe in fire and burn the dead body. When he opens the Hindu graves, he himself may freak out -- just skeletons, and not even a passport! But I always think how you will look, something similar to the photo that you are carrying in your passport but without the skin.
And I cannot conceive that the judgment is going to be over in one day. In the millions of years, trillions of people have lived on the earth. Some researcher has calculated that, wherever you are sitting, you are sitting on ten dead men's skeletons. Don't be afraid, they are very good people! And

remember also that the judgment is not only for men. Women will also be there. And women will be chattering so much: "What is the news? Who are the new arrivals?" I don't think God will be able to manage, and perhaps that is the reason Jesus says, "The Judgment Day is coming soon -- in your life," but it has not even come up to now, though two thousand years have passed. I can say to you the judgment will never come, because it is not feasible. And there will be on Judgment Day a tremendous bloodless fight amongst the skeletons; because one man has been a husband in his hundreds of lives to hundreds of women, one woman has been a wife to hundreds of men in her past lives. And everybody will be pulling at each other. Somebody is pulling at your leg, "Where are you going?" The whole world will be such a mess that I say unto you definitively that the idea of judgment has been postponed forever.

Choosing Kyozan as his successor, and waiting for forty years -- what patience! -- almost transforming a stone into a diamond. But Isan was determined to make one point absolutely clear to humanity: if Kyozan, a simple and ordinary person, not belonging to any speciality, any category, without any talent, any genius -- if he can become enlightened, it will be a proof. To give this proof to humanity he chose Kyozan and worked hard on him. And the day Kyozan became enlightened, the day Isan transferred his enlightenment and the two flames became one, Isan disappeared from the world of matter, body, mind.

Kyozan was so radiant now. He was not only once enlightened, he was twice enlightened. His master has

given him richer experiences, far deeper spaces, far clearer skies.

A little biographical note:

WHEN KYOZAN WAS FIFTEEN, HE WANTED TO BECOME A MONK, BUT HIS PARENTS WOULD NOT ALLOW IT. TWO YEARS AFTER THAT, HE CUT OFF TWO FINGERS OF HIS LEFT HAND AND PLEADED WITH HIS PARENTS TO LET HIM FOLLOW THE SPIRITUAL PATH, AND FINALLY THEY AGREED.

They had to agree. If he can cut off two fingers he can cut off his whole hand, and the blame would be on them.

KYOZAN STUDIED UNDER SEVERAL MASTERS AND THEN REMAINED WITH ISAN FOR MANY YEARS, BEFORE MOVING TO MOUNT KYO WHERE DISCIPLES CAME TO BE WITH HIM.

In Zen, there is not much to a biography. What is important is that the man has become an eternal flame, that the man has achieved his ultimate potential, that his blue lotus has blossomed. Who cares about dates of birth, about your parents? Those become negligible. That's why in the East there is nothing like Western history.
Western history is factual; it take notes of all the facts from birth to death. Eastern history does not bother about physical appearance; it takes care of your spiritual growth. Those are the real progress points.

For the experience you should go to a Jaina temple. Don't mention my name! And you will see in the temple twenty-four statues of the Jain masters. And you will be puzzled because they all look alike; there is no way to find out who is who.

I am trying to make the point clear to you that it does not matter who is who. Those statues don't represent the physical body; they represent spiritual silence, spiritual grace, spiritual peace. If you sit there, you will be engulfed if you are not a Jaina -- because the Jaina goes with a prejudice.

Just go on inquiring why these twenty-four statues are exactly the same. The reason is, the inner experience is the same- whether it happens to Adinath or to Mahavira or to Gautam Buddha, it does not matter. The inner flame and the fragrance and the silence will surround you. Just sit silently, let it happen. Don't be in a hurry.

So we don't know many names, we don't know when they were born, we don't know when they became enlightened, but we know that a sudden explosion of light has happened in a man. We have included only these people in our history.

All that is concerned with the physical we have deleted from Eastern history. But we have remembered, and we continue to remember... and if you sit before the statue of Buddha outside the entrance, just sitting silently, you will be surprised how for the first time you feel so relaxed, so peaceful, so unworried. The form of the statue creates a certain space and a certain energy.

This was discovered in the early days of this century when there was great excitement about the Egyptian pyramids.

They are completely sealed. When one pyramid was opened -- the first pyramid -- there was a strange peace inside, a strange fragrance inside.

And the most puzzling thing that came to light was a cat that must have died hundreds of years before, but there was no rottenness of the body. It was as if she had died just then. They could not believe it because the stupa was three thousand years old, and it had never been opened.

When they were closing the last doors, somehow the cat must have got in, and remained in, and of course had to die; there was no way out. She must have died three thousand years before, but the problem is there was no deterioration.

And scientists became interested that perhaps the form of the pyramid creates a certain space in which nothing can die. Death came because there was no food, no water, but the pyramid kept the cat as if it was as alive as any cat can be.

Now there are on sale in the world markets small pyramids. You just sit under the pyramid for an hour and you will see some changes; you are no more in a hurry, you don't have any tension. The stupa has done something, but it is still a mystery.

The Buddhists also have made stupas: in India, Bodhgaya, where Buddha became enlightened... in Sanchi, where many buddhas became enlightened. But nobody seems to be interested except in their architecture. Studying the architecture is not the way to find the mystery of why these stupas were made in a certain way.

In India, in Tibet, in China, in Japan, in Ceylon -- wherever Buddhism went, these stupas, these memorials were raised to give an indication that nobody dies; only the body and

the mind are left behind and you open your wings of consciousness. And for the first time when all the shutters are broken the whole blue sky is your empire.
Kyozan studied with many masters, but either they were not masters... and certainly he was not ready to be a disciple. The moment he saw Isan, suddenly a new breeze, a new fragrance passed through him.
They met on a small footpath on the mountain. He could not resist... this man smells like sandalwood and has such a light around him, such an at-easeness.
He turned and asked Isan, "Can you accept me as a disciple?"
Isan looked at him. He said, "I have never rejected anyone, that would be humiliation -- although I am aware, looking at you, that it is going to be a long task. But if you are ready to go on a long pilgrimage with me, perhaps that which can happen may now happen."
Isan had one thousand disciple-monks, and they were all puzzled that, having such a great scholarly assembly, he had chosen a farmer, uneducated, who had not even heard the names of the Buddha's sutras. "Why has he become so interested in him?" And they were great scholars with a fine discipline who had been with him for years -- and, "This is a newcomer, a villager."
Isan said to his other disciples, "Today he is not ready, he is just a seed. But tomorrow you will know why I have chosen him. I am trying to serve two purposes in a single event. If this man can become a buddha, then the doors are open for all men." And he made it a promise that he would not leave his body until Kyozan could satisfy the whole assembly of disciples that the master had not been wrong.

The sutra:
OUR BELOVED MASTER,
ONCE WHEN HE WAS STILL WITH HIS MASTER, KYOZAN SAID TO ISAN, "WHERE DOES THE REAL BUDDHA DWELL?"
ISAN REPLIED, "BY MEANS OF THE SUBTLETY OF THOUGHTLESS THOUGHT, CONTEMPLATE THE BOUNDLESS SPIRITUAL BRIGHTNESS. CONTEMPLATE IT UNTIL RETURNING TO THE GROUND OF BEING, THE ALWAYS ABIDING NATURE, AND ITS FORM OF THE UNDICHOTOMOUS PRINCIPLE. THIS IS THE REAL BUDDHA."
ON HEARING THIS, KYOZAN WAS ENLIGHTENED.

It is a very strange incident.
Western education everywhere has made us very limited and one-dimensional. So if you read this you will simply laugh. You can understand each word and its implications, but that is not the real thing that is happening between Isan and Kyozan.

ONCE, WHEN HE WAS STILL WITH HIS MASTER, KYOZAN SAID TO ISAN, "WHERE DOES THE REAL BUDDHA DWELL?"
ISAN REPLIED, "BY MEANS OF THE SUBTLETY OF THOUGHTLESS THOUGHT, -- when the mind is thoughtless and just empty, that is the temple of the buddha -- CONTEMPLATE THE BOUNDLESS SPIRITUAL BRIGHTNESS. CONTEMPLATE IT UNTIL

RETURNING TO THE GROUND OF BEING, THE ALWAYS ABIDING NATURE, AND ITS FORM OF THE UNDICHOTOMOUS PRINCIPLE. THIS IS THE REAL BUDDHA."

Always move into unity with the cosmos. Dichotomy is division; undichotomy is no division, no division of any kind. Contemplate it, and this very contemplation... you will not find the buddha; you will find you are the buddha. There will not be two, because that will create dichotomy. There will not be you standing looking at buddha. You will merge in silence, disappear in the oceanic experience of consciousness, the eternal serenity of existence. There is no knower and nothing is known, but everything is. This `isness' is buddha.

ON HEARING THIS, KYOZAN WAS ENLIGHTENED.

This makes difficulty for the modern mind. How can one become enlightened just by listening to a few lines? You can go on reading these lines again and again, you will not become enlightened; you will simply become crazy. Underneath, something else is happening. While the master is speaking, the disciple is not only listening because he has ears. The disciple is listening with his total being, every fiber of his being; not only with ears, he is also listening with his eyes, looking at the master; he is also feeling the master, his vibe. It is a total phenomenon. He has forgotten himself and disappeared in the tremendous statement. The moment you forget yourself and only a silent consciousness remains, you have come home.

Enlightenment is not something special; it is hidden in you, your hidden splendor. It is just that you are so much occupied with the outside world that you can forget anything, particularly those things which are very obvious.

In the first world war rationing was introduced and everybody had to appear before the rationing officer to get a ration card. Thomas Alva Edison, a world-famous figure -- all your facilities and comforts, most of them are because of Edison; he discovered one thousand things -- he was also standing in the queue. And as he was coming closer to the top of the queue, people were leaving, taking their cards, and finally the clerk shouted, "Now it is time for Thomas Alva Edison."

Edison looked here and there; he could not see anybody. A long queue was behind him. Somebody from the back said, "As far as I know, the man who is standing in front of you is Thomas Alva Edison."

Edison said, "Perhaps I may be, but for fifty years nobody has used my name in front of me." He was so famous; in the university he was called `the professor', nobody used his name. And he was so engrossed and engaged in his experiments, he had no time to meet people, to talk to people. He was a man who was absolutely alone in the crowd. He had forgotten his own name -- fifty years is a long time.

If nobody uses your name, you will also forget, or you may think, "Perhaps I have heard this name somewhere far away, far back, as an echo, but I cannot guarantee it. I have to find witnesses."

Now, if your name is not used by others out of respect and love, you are not going to use it yourself. Naturally, not being used for fifty years -- and a name is an arbitrary device -- Edison forgot his.
But you have forgotten your innermost being. His loss was not much of a loss, just a label. Your loss is far deeper and greater. For centuries you have lived, but you don't know who you are.
The explosion of enlightenment is: Suddenly you become aware of your eternal being.

LATER, WHEN KYOZAN HAD BECOME A MASTER HIMSELF, ISAN SENT HIM A MIRROR AS A GIFT. WHEN HE WENT TO THE HALL WHERE HIS MONKS WERE ASSEMBLED, KYOZAN HELD UP THE MIRROR AND SAID TO THE ASSEMBLY, "PLEASE SAY WHETHER THIS IS ISAN'S MIRROR OR KYOZAN'S MIRROR. IF SOMEONE CAN GIVE A CORRECT REPLY, I WILL NOT SMASH IT."

This is how in Zen very subtle and intricate matters become immensely important. To the outsider it will look a stupid question.
In the first place, you should remember that sending a mirror as a gift -- he is opening a new monastery, he will be the master -- sending the mirror to him is to remind him: "Don't forget. This mirror will remind you that whatever the mirror reflects is not you. But whoever witnesses the reflection in the mirror, that is your buddhahood."
Kyozan rose to these heights. He said to the assembly of monks:

PLEASE SAY WHETHER THIS IS ISAN'S MIRROR OR KYOZAN'S MIRROR. IF SOMEONE CAN GIVE A CORRECT REPLY, I WILL NOT SMASH IT."
NO ONE ANSWERED, AND KYOZAN SMASHED THE MIRROR.

To answer the question a man of enlightenment was needed. Spontaneously he would have responded -- thousands of ways are open -- but remaining silent, dumb, simply shows your ignorance, your unawareness. And Kyozan's smashing the mirror is just to make a beginning to what is going to happen in his monastery.
If anyone had been enlightened he could have done anything. He could have come and slapped Kyozan and taken the mirror from him, and said to the assembly, "The mirror is mine! There is no need to smash it." Or anything! The mirror is nobody's. And to use a gift of the master on the first day of the opening ceremony... this is not nice to smash the mirror. Somebody was needed to smash the face of Kyozan, which would have saved the mirror! But nobody was enlightened enough.
You will come across many incidents, and when you hear about them, just think that you were there; just close your eyes and feel the energy that had gathered in Kyozan's monastery; what would you have done?
It reminds me:

A great Zen master had two wings to his monastery, and he had a beautiful cat. Everybody loved that cat, and everybody claimed that, "Of course the master cannot

possess anything, so it belongs to the right wing," or "it belongs to the left wing."
Things became so hot that one day the master had to call the whole assembly of both wings, to say, showing the cat and a sword, "Do you see this cat and this sword? If anybody can answer -- this is a question about this cat and this sword -- if anybody can answer, the cat will belong to him. If nobody answers then the only possible way for me to settle this hot dispute and struggle is to cut the cat in two pieces and divide it between the right wing and the left wing."
A great chill went through the people, but what is the right answer?
Seeing their silence, the master cut the cat in half. He gave a bleeding half to each of the parties. At that very moment Lieh Tzu, who was going to be his successor and had gone to the marketplace for some work, entered in and slapped the master, and said to him, "You old idiot! You unnecessarily killed a beautiful cat."
The master laughed and said, "Lieh Tzu, if you had been here the poor cat would still be alive."

Zen has a language of its own. Most particularly, it needs courage, spontaneity, clarity, and then out of that clarity whatever you do is right.

Issa wrote:
PLUM BLOSSOMS:
MY SPRING
IS AN ECSTASY

Just visualize.
PLUM BLOSSOMS:
MY SPRING
IS AN ECSTASY

If you start looking silently at things, the roses will become your ecstasy, the mountains will become your ecstasy, the naked tree without any leaves will become your ecstasy. The ecstasy is an utter silence, watching, witnessing the tremendous beauty that surrounds you. This beauty is alcoholic. Experiencing this beauty around you, you forget about small things. Your life becomes a golden life.

Question 1
Maneesha has asked:
OUR BELOVED MASTER,
IS OUR ORIGINAL FACE THAT OF THE WITNESS? IS IT THAT WE LIVE AS AMNESIACS, FORGETTING THAT WE HAVE ONLY ARBITRARILY ADOPTED A BODY AND MIND, AND THAT ENLIGHTENMENT IS SIMPLY REGAINING OUR MEMORY?

Yes, Maneesha. You have condensed in your question the whole answer.
But she goes on writing:

P.S. WHY DO YOU CALL ME "POOR" MANEESHA?

Stonehead Niskriya, give a good hit to poor Maneesha.
(NISKRIYA TAPS MANEESHA LIGHTLY ON THE HEAD WITH HIS ZEN STICK.)

I call you "poor Maneesha" because there is a poverty of the outer world, and there is a poverty of the inner world. I am against the poverty of the outer world, but I am not against the poverty of the inner world. The poverty of the inner world means: no ego, no pride, no arrogance, pure humbleness, as if you are not. And what begins "as if" soon you find it is so. There is no need to call it "as if."
Whenever I call you, Maneesha, "poor Maneesha," that is to wake in you a silence, a peace, a blossom, a spring. Because of this, Buddha used to call his sannyasins -- against the whole tradition of India -- bhikkshu, the beggar. But he is a beggar on the outside. The more beggarly he becomes on the outside, the richer becomes his inner being. The poverty of a humble man, the poverty of an innocent man, the poverty of a silent meditative man is not a poverty. Through this poverty you are attaining the whole world. The whole blue sky becomes smaller than you.
Now it is time for Sardar Gurudayal Singh.

It is that fateful day on Calvary Hill. Jesus has been hanging from his cross for hours, and he is getting weaker and weaker.
Suddenly he sees Moseki, his Polish disciple, among the faces in the crowd below.
"Moseki, Moseki," gasps Jesus to the Polack. "Moseki, come here; I have a message for you and your people."
Moseki shimmies up the cross, bringing his ear next to Jesus and says, "Yes, Lord, what is the message for us Polacks?"

"The times are dangerous for my Polish disciples," whispers Jesus, "so until I come back, just play dumb!"

Little Ernie walks into his parents' bedroom and sees his father putting on a condom.
"Hey, Dad," says Little Ernie. "What are you doing?"
"Uh, er... I am going out to hunt rabbits," stammers his embarrassed father.
"Really?" says Ernie. "What are you going to do when you reach them, Dad? Fuck them?"

Little Ernie and Little Sally are discussing what big boys and girls do together when they are alone at night.
"What do you think they do?" asks Sally.
"I'm not sure," replies Ernie. "But I know a way of finding out. Tonight, when my sister Suzy takes her boyfriend Herbert into the sitting room, I will hide behind the curtains and watch them."
"Great idea!" says Little Sally. "Then you can tell me all about it tomorrow."
The next morning, the two little kids meet.
"Sally!" cries Little Ernie, excitedly. "You won't believe what happened last night. I was playing behind the sofa, when my sister, Suzy, and her boyfriend, Herbert, came home. They sat on the sofa and did not know I was there.
"They talked for a while, then Herbert turned off most of the lights. Suzy must have been cold, because he put his arms around her back and blew hot breath on her neck.
"I guessed she must have been feeling sick, because her face looked funny. He must have thought so too, because he put his hand inside her blouse to feel her heart -- just

like the doctor. Except he is not as smart as the doctor, because he seemed to have trouble finding it!
"I guess he was feeling sick too, because pretty soon both of them started panting and getting all out of breath. His other hand must have been pretty cold because he put it under her skirt.
"About this time, Suzy got worse and began to moan and groan and started squirming around and slid down to the end of the sofa.
"This is when the fever started! I know it was a fever because Suzy told Herbert she was getting really hot.
"Finally, I found out what was making them sick. A big snake jumped out of Herbert's pants, and stood there -- it was about ten inches long! It was incredible! Suzy got really scared. Her eyes got big and her mouth fell open and she started saying, `MY GOD!' and stuff like that. She said it was the biggest one she had ever seen!
"Anyway, Suzy got braver and tried to kill it by biting its head off! I guess it bit her back, because suddenly she made a noise and let go. Then she grabbed it with both hands and held it tight while Herbert took a plastic muzzle from his pocket and put it over the snake's head to keep it from biting again.
"Then Suzy and Herbert lay back on the sofa and tried to squash the snake between them. But the snake put up a hell of a fight. They both started groaning and squealing and almost turned over the sofa! And after a long struggle they finally stopped and gave a big sigh.
"When Herbert got up, I could tell that the snake was dead. It was all limp and just hanging there.

"You know, Sally, I think they are the bravest people I know."
"Why is that?" asks Sally.
"Because," replies Ernie, "as Herbert was leaving, he and Sally decided to do the same thing again next week!"

Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)
(Gibberish)

Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)

Be silent. Close your eyes. Feel your body to be completely frozen. Now look inwards with your total consciousness, with an urgency as if this is the last moment, and pierce into the very center of your being.
Your center is also the center of the universe. We are all connected at the center. On the circumference we have different personalities.

Deeper and deeper.
This is your very life source. Go deep into it, it will refresh you, rejuvenate you. It will bring freedom to you from all the nonsense that societies have poured into your mind.
This moment you are the buddha. Just witnessing, doing nothing -- the same mirror that Isan has sent to Kyozan as a gift. The mirror only witnesses.

To make it clear,
Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

Relax and witness the body is separate from you, the mind is separate from you. Your only identity is witnessing. The Sanskrit word for witnessing is buddha.
You are those few blessed people on the earth today, who are entering on the ancient golden path which leads you to eternity, immortality. Slowly slowly you start melting, and Gautam the Buddha Auditorium becomes a pure lake of consciousness: one buddha you all share.
Do you see the change in your inner climate?
Has not the spring come?
Are not flowers of joy showering over you?
Is not this moment the most precious, because you are at home? To be a buddha simply means to be at home.
Soon Nivedano will be calling you awake. Before he gives his beat, collect as much of the experience as possible. Bring all those flowers to your circumference.
The ultimate in the search for truth is to bring the hidden buddha into your day-to-day actions, gestures, words, silences.

Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)

Come back, but remember you are coming with the grace of buddha, with the silence and the joy of the buddha.
Sit down for a few moments just to recollect, to remember where you have been, the golden path that you have gone on; and you have returned back on the same path. One has to go on repeating -- going in, coming out, going in,

coming out -- and slowly slowly the going becomes so deep that you need not come back, you can remain a buddha in the world.
I am against all renunciation. My philosia is to live in this beautiful world with grace and love and blissfulness.
It is a great opportunity to blossom. Don't miss it.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.

Kyozan: A True Man of Zen

Chapter #2
Chapter title: Zen is like wild flowers
4 December 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

OUR BELOVED MASTER,
ONCE, KYOZAN'S MASTER ASKED HIM, "THE NIRVANA SUTRA HAS ABOUT FORTY CHAPTERS OF THE BUDDHA'S TEACHING. HOW MANY OF THESE ARE DEVIL TEACHINGS?"
"ALL OF THEM," REPLIED KYOZAN.
THE MASTER COMMENTED: "FROM NOW ON, NOBODY WILL BE ABLE TO DO WHAT HE LIKES WITH YOU."
THEN KYOZAN ASKED: "FROM NOW ON, WHAT SHOULD BE MY MODE OF LIFE?"
HIS MASTER RESPONDED, "I ADMIRE YOUR JUST EYE; I AM NOT CONCERNED ABOUT THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF THE MATTER."

ONCE KYOZAN WAS ASKED BY A MONK, "CAN YOU EXPLAIN THE LAW BODY?"
"I CAN'T," SAID KYOZAN, "BUT THERE IS ONE WHO CAN."
THE MONK THEN SAID, "WHERE IS THE ONE WHO CAN EXPLAIN IT?"
BY WAY OF RESPONSE, KYOZAN PULLED FORWARD THE PILLOW.
KYOZAN'S MASTER, ON HEARING OF THIS INTERCHANGE, SAID, "KYOZAN IS USING THE BLADE OF THE SWORD."

Maneesha, Zen is both a religion and a revolution against religion; this makes people confused. But the thing is not confusing. The so-called religions have become fossilized -- they no more breathe, they no more sing, they no more dance. They have become a hidden organized politics. Against all these things Zen is a revolution, and by this revolution Zen thinks religion can be purified, raised to the highest stars of its possibilities. Hence the strangeness of Zen. It is a religion but not like any other. Even the Buddhists do not accept Zen as authentic Buddhism.
The moment an experience becomes an explanation, a philosophy, a theology, it loses life. It may catch many people in its fold but these will be the people who want religion at a very cheap price.
Religion needs you to risk all, nothing less will do. Hence the organized religions -- Christianity, Judaism, Hinduism, Mohammedanism, Jainism, Buddhism -- they are not only giving you a false idea of religiousness, they are also preventing you from searching for the right one. When you

think that you have the right one already in your hands, there is no need to search for it.

I agree with Karl Marx on this point, when he says: "Religions are the opium of the people." They have consoled... for centuries. They have not done any creative work for consciousness, nor have they enriched the earth, its beauty and its productivity. On the contrary they have taught people to renounce the world -- and this is the only world we know.

Somebody of the caliber of Gautam Buddha was absolutely needed in his time to declare a constant war against those who have a negative attitude towards life. They only count the thorns in a rose bush and, amongst so many thorns, naturally they forget the beautiful roses. Looking positively, affirmatively, looking with love they should first count the flowers; they should become engulfed by the perfume of the flowers.

And then those thorns would appear in a totally different context. Those thorns would appear as bodyguards, as protective armor around the rose; that is their function. The same life juice that becomes the rose becomes the thorn. At their source they come from the same roots; they cannot be enemies. But all the religions were afraid of one thing: that religion may become a changing, moving, alive river. The fear was that if religion remains a flowing river... who knows, people may change tomorrow.

Mahavira closes the door on anything else being added. He is the twenty-fourth tirthankara. That is the last number; now nothing can be added to Jainism. It is a very tricky game.

Mohammed is the last prophet. Why this insistence on being last? Why not be first? But being last means you are closing the doors. Now the Holy Koran will remain, forever and forever, the only directions and guidance for the followers. It cannot take note of the changing circumstances; it cannot take note of the changing consciousness of man, his changing and deepening insight into reality. Christians are waiting for Christ. These are the tricks -- one day Christ will come and he has promised them, "Soon." The "soon" seems to be very long... He cannot come again. He can only come in those same circumstances that existed in Judea two thousand years ago. Now, declaring oneself the only begotten son of God... any child will laugh.

Two small children were sitting on the steps of their house. The small one asked, "I wonder why these Christian bishops and cardinals are called `father.' They don't have any children."
But the question, although it has come from a small child -- and what is always being done to children's questions is, "Just wait. In time, in your maturity, you will know" -- even Jesus never asked it. And if you are the only begotten son of God... is God so miserly? And at that time I don't think there were available any birth control methods.
Why did he stop at one? The same problem from a different angle. He has to stop at Jesus because somebody may later on declare, "I am another son of God." But what is the problem? Jesus has no proofs so evidence cannot be asked. Any idiot... and idiots are abundant, you try to seek one and you will find a thousand!

It happened in Bhagdad, the capital of Mohammedanism, that a man was brought to Kalif Omar. He was claiming to be the latest messenger from God. "Mohammed is perfectly right but things have changed and a new dispensation from the direct source is needed." Mohammed cannot be bypassed in this way.

Omar said, "Listen. You will be beaten for seven days -- no food, no water -- and then I will come to see you in the jail. I hope by that time you have changed your mind."

The man laughed. He said, "These were exactly God's last instructions to me: `People will not believe you. Even a man of the insight of Omar will first test you.' So I am available." He was taken to the prison, tied to a pole, naked, and beaten -- no food, no water, no sleep. It was real torture.

After seven days when Omar came, he asked the man, whose whole body was oozing blood, but his eyes were glittering, shining, "Have you changed your mind?"

He said, "I was thinking to change but these seven days have proved to me that I am the prophet. That's what God said to me, `You will be tortured. You will be harassed. You may be killed.' You have fulfilled all this and made me more certain. I was a little hesitant and it felt a little embarrassing to call myself a messenger of God."

At the same time at the next pole another man was tied. He had come a month before and he had not come with any Koran, any message from God. He declared that, "Because all the prophets have failed -- Mohammed included -- I finally decided to come myself." Now this is too much for fanatic, fascist fundamentalists. The man shouted from his

pole, "Omar, don't be deceived by this man. After Mohammed I have not appointed any messenger."
All these religions are grabbing everybody by the neck. Freedom means disobedience. To decide your own life means going against the organized religion, morality, ethos. Zen has specialities of its own. Perhaps it is the only religion which can be called religiousness. Religion becomes solid and centered, and then there is the hierarchy: the pope, the cardinal, the bishop, the priest.
Zen has no fixed teaching because every fixed teaching will become out of date tomorrow. Tomorrow new flowers will come on the bushes. Tomorrow new leaves will sprout. Tomorrow new waters will be flowing from the Himalayas. Tomorrow nothing will be there that you used to know. Every new dawn brings a totally new world around you. If it does not look new it is because you continue to hang on with old eyes.
Zen is rebellious at all possible points. It fills my heart full of great gratitude for these lions. At least a few people have declined the offer, the invitation to become slaves. At least a few people have roared and declared their freedom from bondage. And these are the only real people. Unfortunately they are not many.
But even those few people prove one thing for certain, that you also carry the same consciousness, dormant. You have not dared to go inside yourself to find the diamond which will give you the whole universe as yours.
This anecdote... And Zen is not very serious about things. It could have been very scholarly; it could have been very philosophic -- like Bertrand Russell who wrote a book on mathematics and took two hundred and fifty pages to argue

that two plus two are really four. Zen is just like wild flowers; it grows anywhere. It does not need much effort; all that it needs is a deepening in your consciousness so that you can see the world around you more clearly.
Now your vision of the world is very shadowy, very dark, and your world looks very small. As you go deeper inwards you will be surprised that the world goes on becoming bigger and bigger and bigger, and a point comes where you know there is no end, no boundary line of existence. Being born in this infinite existence brings a tremendous bliss and a great ecstasy and a sense of eternity.
And Zen has found the right way by small anecdotes which even a child can understand, though it is possible that even an old man may not understand. The older a man becomes, he becomes so knowledgeable -- he knows everything. The child is open and clean. The function of meditation -- and that is the meaning of Zen -- is to bring your childhood back to you, and from there on to look at the beauty, the godliness, the truth that has always been there but you have never looked at it.

ONCE, KYOZAN'S MASTER ASKED HIM, "THE NIRVANA SUTRA HAS ABOUT FORTY CHAPTERS OF THE BUDDHA'S TEACHING. HOW MANY OF THESE ARE DEVIL TEACHINGS?"

A strange question, which can only be asked in the Zen atmosphere. You cannot ask in a Christian monastery, "How many teachings in the Bible are devil teachings?" The idea simply looks awkward. But in Zen you can ask anything because nothing matters. It is not a serious,

philosophical system. Asking such a question... The Nirvana Sutra is one of the most respected sutras in the Buddhist world and it contains almost everything essential that Buddha has said. It is called Nirvana Sutra because it concludes at the point where you disappear. Its whole process is how to help you disappear.

First you become silent. And as the silence goes deeper you start feeling that you are not the body, that you are not the mind. You are living in the body but you are not it. You are using the mind but you are not it. As the silence goes to serenity you suddenly become aware that, "I am only a witness, witness of the whole world and witness of my body and mind too." Just a pure witness, a cool breeze, a fragrant breeze.

The word `nirvana' means blowing out the candle. Buddha chose a really beautiful word for the ultimate. When you disappear into the ultimate ocean, the dewdrop disappears. Or you can say in other words, the dewdrop becomes the ocean. Or, you can even say the ocean disappears in the dewdrop. But something disappears, just as if you have blown a candle flame out and there is absolute silence and darkness.

Isan asked, "THE NIRVANA SUTRA HAS ABOUT FORTY CHAPTERS OF THE BUDDHA'S TEACHING. HOW MANY OF THESE ARE DEVIL TEACHINGS?"

In no other religion can such a question be asked. But the answer is even greater.

"ALL OF THEM," REPLIED KYOZAN.

Isan was not expecting that much. Buddha's words, and Kyozan is saying all of them are devil's words! And it is perfectly in line with Buddha's approach to life. It is not through books, it is not through words.

So Isan will go on teaching the Nirvana Sutra, and at the same time will remind his disciples, "Don't cling to any sutra -- Nirvana or Diamond Sutra -- don't cling. These are simply footsteps leading to your ultimate disappearance."

"If you start thinking that these words of Gautam Buddha's... You may start loving them, you may become attached to them. Attachment is very easy when you love a book. And the Nirvana Sutra is so full of splendor, with so much of beauty; each word implies so much. It seems impossible for a man to make words dance like this; one is bound to fall in love. And of course the Nirvana Sutra will not say no to you; it is just a dead book, paper and ink and nothing else."

Kyozan said to his master, "ALL OF THEM."

It simply means: all words are only echoes of faraway truths. Don't cling to the echo; otherwise, who is going to discover the truth? Avoid the echoes.

What are all the buddhas? -- just an echo of the ultimate truth, just echoing the eternity of your being. Experience what they say, but don't cling to the explanations.

There is so much difficulty. First, the man who has come to realize his ultimate consciousness is in a difficulty how to convey it. There are not words which are capable of conveying it. Whatever he says, he immediately looks and finds it is not the same as it was in the experience. Explanation has fallen far away; it has betrayed.

And then the explanation is caught by the disciples, which is another tragedy, because the disciple is going to comment according to his conditioning. That will change the meaning again. And if the disciple also starts teaching people, then the truth has been left far behind. Not even a single ray reaches that far. Hundreds of mystics have remained silent for just this reason.
So when Kyozan says, "All of them," he is not talking about the Nirvana Sutra only. He is talking about all words. Words are incapable of containing the truth; some other way has to be found. That some other way becomes meditation.
Mind has to be put aside, so it does not start interpreting. And you have to go deep to where your life is arising, as if a rose is going deeper into the roots from where the juice of life is arising, manifesting in great foliage, in flowers. Once you know your original source you know also your ultimate destiny.

THE MASTER COMMENTED: "FROM NOW ON, NOBODY WILL BE ABLE TO DO WHAT HE LIKES WITH YOU."

Obviously, if all words are useless and all words are from the devil, then there is no more possibility of any communication, any dialogue.
One of the most famous Jewish philosophers, Martin Buber, worked for his whole life on a single theme: dialogue. I wrote him a letter -- I was very young -- saying, "In your dialogue the two remain, and a dialogue is not worthwhile that does not culminate in one. Two bodies may

be there, but one consciousness." I was informed that he was dead. I said, "It is fortunate for him. If he was alive I would have tortured him. Now he can rest, toss and turn in his grave."
But the man remained for his whole life concerned with only one thing: that there should arise a dialogue between religions, between politics, between ideologies, between man and man. His effort was right, his direction was right, but he did not come to the point where it becomes nirvana. Two must ultimately become one, because ultimately we are one.
Meditation is not a dialogue. Meditation is to get out of the mind and slowly enter into the oceanic reality.

THEN KYOZAN ASKED: "FROM NOW ON, WHAT SHOULD BE MY MODE OF LIFE?"

"What should I do now? If you say even the words of Gautam Buddha are those of the devil, what about me? I was teaching people." Of course, you cannot teach without words.

HIS MASTER RESPONDED: "I ADMIRE YOUR JUST EYE; I AM NOT CONCERNED ABOUT THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF THE MATTER."

No man of strength, integrity, individuality, is ever concerned about the practical side of the thing. If your consciousness is right, it will manage somehow your practical side.

A consciousness harmonious with existence is under the care of existence. You have said to existence, "Now it is up to you. If you want me to breathe, I will breathe. If you don't want me to breathe, I won't. Up to now I have been a separate being, now I dissolve my separateness."
That's what Isan means, "I ADMIRE YOUR JUST EYE. You have understood what I have said, but I AM NOT CONCERNED ABOUT THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF THE MATTER."
Why is he not concerned about the practical side of the matter? Nobody needs to be concerned. In your enlightened being you have become one with the universe. You are no more.
Existence takes care of trees and birds and animals, why should existence not take care of you? In fact, you are existence's greatest flower. And when you become enlightened you have attained your destiny. Now everything is care of existence; you need not be worried about it.

ONCE, KYOZAN WAS ASKED BY A MONK, "CAN YOU EXPLAIN THE LAW BODY?"
"I CAN'T," SAID KYOZAN, "BUT THERE IS ONE WHO CAN."
THE MONK THEN SAID, "WHERE IS THE ONE WHO CAN EXPLAIN IT?"
BY WAY OF RESPONSE, KYOZAN PULLED FORWARD THE PILLOW.
KYOZAN'S MASTER, ON HEARING OF THIS INTERCHANGE, SAID, "KYOZAN IS USING THE BLADE OF THE SWORD."

What has conspired? The question that was asked is relevant, because Buddha says you have many bodies, but the ultimate body that is immortal he calls the Body of Law. `Law' gives a different connotation to the word. He calls it the Body of Dhamma, the body of nature. You have gathered many bodies around it; they will all fall down. Only the body that has been moving through eternity to eternity he calls your authentic body.
And the man who has asked Kyozan has not asked a nonessential point:

"CAN YOU EXPLAIN THE LAW BODY?"
"I CAN'T," SAID KYOZAN...

These points show the humbleness; these points show the simplicity. If he cannot explain, he will not try some arbitrary explanation. He will simply accept that, "I cannot, BUT THERE IS ONE WHO CAN."
THE MONK THEN SAID, "WHERE IS THE ONE WHO CAN EXPLAIN IT?"
BY WAY OF RESPONSE, KYOZAN PULLED FORWARD THE PILLOW.

In any reference, in any context, it will look absurd. The man is asking a question and you give him your pillow! And this is the one that can give you the answer.
The pillow represents total rest, total relaxation, going inwards so deep that the outer world is almost like a dream you have seen sometime. When the outer world starts looking illusory, you have come to the center point of your

being. There is the answer. The answer is in your experience of utter restfulness.

KYOZAN'S MASTER, ON HEARING OF THIS INTERCHANGE SAID, "KYOZAN IS USING THE BLADE OF THE SWORD."

An ordinary man will not understand anything. Only a man who has the sharpness of intelligence like a sword will be able to understand.
A beautiful answer he has given, but you would have been puzzled. You would have looked at the pillow. And how does the pillow explain the question, "What is Buddha's ultimate natural body?" It certainly conveys something. Zen is very earthbound, very pragmatic. By showing his pillow to him, he is saying, "What cannot be said can be experienced. Just rest, and rest with totality."
That's what we are doing here every day. Your meditation is an ultimate rest.
But Isan commented, "KYOZAN IS USING THE BLADE OF THE SWORD."
The person may not understand it, most probably will not understand it and will think that this Zen is all nonsense, or may think that the pillow actually is the answer; so, "Keep a pillow continuously with you and you have found the body of the buddha." Now what the person does with such an exchange can be dangerous.
But masters look deep into disciples and say only things or indicate only things which they are capable of. No master is so unkind as to give a child a sword.

Basho wrote:
DEWDROPS --
HOW BETTER WASH AWAY
WORLD'S DUST?

The experience of truth is just washing away the dust that goes on gathering on your mirrorlike consciousness.
Basho says:
DEWDROPS --
HOW BETTER WASH AWAY
WORLD'S DUST?

The dewdrops may be small but they can cleanse your inner eye, your mirror, which has gathered so much dust. And that dust has to be cleared. Only then can you see the depth in things, the life in things; a world full of love, a world full of blessings, a world which could be a dancing place but has been turned by stupid politicians into a battlefield.
When more people become buddhas -- they are already buddhas -- when more people remember their being buddhas, this world will have a totally different aroma, a totally different fragrance, a totally different ecstasy.
Right now, what we have done, we have made the world a tragedy. Each step we are moving further into tragedy, and at the end of the tunnel is death.

Question 1
Maneesha has asked a question.
OUR BELOVED MASTER,
IT SEEMS TO ME THAT FORMAL RELIGIONS HAVE USED THE SENSE OF THE MYSTERIOUS

NEGATIVELY -- TO DELUDE AND BAFFLE PEOPLE. ON THE OTHER HAND, UNLESS SCIENCE HAS A SENSE OF THE MYSTERIOUS, IT SEEMS THAT IT WILL ALWAYS BE DESTRUCTIVE.
IS THIS SO?

Maneesha, your question is two questions.
The first is perfectly right. All the religions have made the world ugly; they have made the world unlivable; their whole teaching has been to renounce.
A man who renounces the world will certainly not create a painting or a poetry or a sculpture. He will become uncreative. And where is this whole uncreative energy going to go?
Energy is neutral. If you don't move your energy in creative ways, it is going to be a calamity to you and to the world. But because all the religions have condemned the world and worldly relations, they have made the world poor. They have a reason, an investment in the world being poor.
They have cut the world into fragments, and seventy percent of the energy of man goes into war. War seems to be the only god. Man is just a sacrifice, either in the name of nationality or in the name of religion. Whatever the name may be, man has to be slaughtered.
It is true that coming down from a hilltop is easy. Destructiveness is coming down from your humanity, becoming animals again. Hence, it is easy. And you can find any excuse, any excuse will do.
Question 2
But the second part of your question:

ON THE OTHER HAND, UNLESS SCIENCE HAS A SENSE OF THE MYSTERIOUS, IT SEEMS THAT IT WILL ALWAYS BE DESTRUCTIVE.

No, Maneesha. Science is coming every day closer and closer to the mysterious. Science is no more than three hundred years old, but it has evolved in three hundred years and gone far away from the destructive and negative mind of the religions.

As I said to you, energy is neutral. Science creates energy, discovers energy, but it falls into the hands of the politicians, and the politicians use it for negative purposes. Their only goal is war. And science itself has become so complicated that you have to depend on some government or corporation. Because so much money is needed, you cannot be a scientist just by yourself.

Those days are gone when Galileo could be a scientist, just using instruments which were ordinarily, easily available. He did not need trillions of dollars. Now the situation is different.

The Wright brothers could manage to make the first aeroplane with discarded parts of bicycles. Now you cannot create an aeroplane so easily.

But one thing is certain: that if a World Academy of Sciences -- which is not committed to any government, to any ideology -- can be created... in my opinion that must be the whole and sole reason for the existence of organizations like the UN.

Create a world academy. Every nation contributes to it, but the energy is in the hands of a world organization. And the

world organization has the power to use it in any way it deems fit.

Science is not destructive in itself. Destruction has come from politics, and because politics has the money....

Albert Einstein's last dying words -- he must have suffered deeply. He was a man of great conscience, and he could see that he had given a dangerous weapon into the hands of the politicians. He discovered atomic energy, and in a hurry.... He was employed by Germany first, but because he was a Jew he had to escape from Germany. But he knew that even without him all the basic facts were in German hands. "It may take a year or two, but Germany will harnas atomic energy. Before Germany does it, somebody else should be able to do it; otherwise the world will fall into the hands of fascists." But he was naive; he wrote a letter to Roosevelt. Roosevelt was very happy and gave him all the facilities to develop atomic energy, which could destroy millions of people within seconds.

Einstein never thought that it would be used. He thought just its presence would be enough for Germany and Japan to surrender. Germany surrendered and Japan was going to surrender within a week at the most. Without Germany, Japan could not stand alone against the whole world. It is a small land, but full of great people. And Roosevelt had gone by that time. Truman was the President and his generals also insisted to him, "Don't use such a destructive force, which will remain for generations affecting people; and not only people -- trees, fish, animals. And there is no time to create any preventive cure. And there is no need in the first place. Germany is collapsing every moment. Our forces have entered Berlin."

You may not believe it.... Adolf Hitler was hiding underneath his building in a bunker, and because he never liked the idea that, "We are being defeated," he was given a radio for which his own people created a small station that would give him the news that, "We are progressing," that, "We are winning." Such a deception has never happened before. The enemy's forces were entering into Berlin and the radio was proclaiming, "We have reached London." And poor Adolf Hitler was kept until the last moment.... When bombs started falling on Berlin, he could not believe that, "I can hear, hiding in this bunker, the falling buildings of London?" He called his general and asked, "What is the matter?"

He said, "I am sorry. So as not to make you tense, this was a special arrangement to give you good news, always good news." He had been kept in darkness for almost one year. And the American generals persuaded Truman not to be in a hurry: "Within seven days with ordinary weapons Japan is going to go down." But Truman was in a hurry, because if Japan goes down and surrenders then there will be no chance to experiment with atomic bombs. He did not listen to his generals and ordered two cities to be killed, Hiroshima and Nagasaki, more than two hundred thousand people. And the radiation is still killing, is still effective and will remain effective one knows not for how long; because there were many people not in the area where everyone was dying, but whom the radiation started to reach with the winds, with the water, with the rivers, in the fruits, in the vegetables. There was no way to say that, "You are eating your own death."

Science can give contribute immense energy for creative purposes, Maneesha, and the great scientists alive today are all coming closer to the mysterious. A day can be hoped for when science and religion will merge into each other. Religion will become the inner science and science will become the outer religion. And their meeting point is when both are facing the miraculous.

Now Sardar Gurudayal Singh's time. Sometimes I think that I should begin with Sardar Gurudayal Singh's time but that will destroy the serious attentiveness. So I keep him for the last. And it is respectful also.

Sally and Joan are chit-chatting over tea. Joan says, "When I married George, I was looking for sex and good humor, and I have found them both with him."
"Oh, really?" Sally asks.
"Yes," says Joan, "every time we have sex, it is a joke!"

The black dude in a full-length mink coat walks into the Rolls-Royce show room. He goes over to the most expensive model and proceeds to kick the tires and fenders. The usually staid salesman runs over and exclaims, "Excuse me, sir, but were you thinking of buying a Rolls-Royce?"
The black dude looks at him with a scowl and replies: "I is not thinking of buying a Rolls-Royce. I is gonna buy a Rolls-Royce. I is thinkin' of pussy!"

Jesus is hanging from the cross. Mary, his mother, sits a short distance away. Suddenly Jesus begins to cry

uncontrollably. Seeing this, Mary has a pained look on her face.
"I am sorry to upset you, mum," Jesus sobs. "I just could not help but think -- what a hell of a way to spend Easter!"

Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)
(Gibberish)

Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)

Be silent. Close your eyes. Feel your body to be completely frozen.
Now look inwards with your total consciousness, and with an urgency, as if it is going to be the last moment of your life.
Deeper and deeper, reach to the center of your being.
At this moment you are the buddha, unscratched by thousands of lives. The deeper you can go the more splendor, the more miraculous it becomes. The Buddha Auditorium has changed into a silent lake without any ripples.
A little more... Because buddha is your eternity, and buddha is your infinity, you can go deep, but you can never find the bottom. That's why it gives you ultimate freedom.

To make it more clear-cut,
Nivedano....
(Drumbeat)

Relax. Just witness the body -- you are not it. Witness the mind -- you are not it. You are only the witnessing consciousness.
Thousands of lotuses have blossomed. The evening was beautiful enough on its own, but you have poured your witnessing, your consciousness and made it a majesty, a miracle.
Such blissfulness.
Such benediction.
Such ecstasy.
Collect as many flowers and as many juices from your center, because you have to bring them to the circumference. You have to remember in your day-to-day life, whatever you are doing, you are the buddha. That small remembrance will become ultimately a transformation of being.

Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)

Come back. But come back as a buddha, silent, graceful, at ease.
Just for a few moments sit, remembering where you have been, to what miracle you have reached. And the golden path that you have been traveling every day back and forth will become shorter and shorter... because your buddha has to come from the hidden to your ordinary life.
Meditation is the only way to know yourself and to know the very meaning of life. It cannot be said, but it can be transferred.

When you are in deep meditation here, utterly receptive, it is so easy to enter into your hearts. It is so easy to become a song, so easy to become a subtle music.
You will feel it for a few moments later on also, like a drunkard. You have been drinking from the divine.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.

Kyozan: A True Man of Zen

Chapter #3
Chapter title: A very fresh communion
5 December 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

OUR BELOVED MASTER,
WHEN HE WAS WITH KYOZAN, RYUSEN WAS THE MONK IN CHARGE OF FOOD. ONE DAY A STRANGE MONK CAME AND ASKED FOR A MEAL, AT WHICH RYUSEN GAVE HIM PART OF HIS OWN. KYOZAN KNEW OF THIS BUT CALLED RYUSEN TO HIM AND ASKED, "THAT ENLIGHTENED MONK WHO CAME JUST NOW -- DID HE GIVE YOU ANY FOOD?"
RYUSEN SAID, "HE DENIED HIMSELF AND PASSED ON HIS ALMS."
KYOZAN COMMENTED: "YOU MADE A GREAT PROFIT."

Maneesha, the understanding of Zen is not an ordinary understanding, for the simple reason that Zen does not care

about language, does not care about common communications. It has evolved in its own way, a unique way. So those who are spectators and are afraid to enter into the stream will feel the cool breeze but will not understand the heart of Zen. In a word, Zen has contributed to the world a totally new language, a totally new communication, a very fresh communion.
Just in the morning as the lotus opens,
so newness is that of Zen.
The sun rises, the lotus opens,
and the dewdrops on the lotus leaves shine,
better than real pearls.

It is a very delicate matter, and rather than putting Zen into any category... Religion is too strict and hard, and in that very hardness the heart is crushed to death. Philosophy is so vague, making castles in the air, beautiful castles but it does not bring to the world any new fragrance, any new form of transformation.
Zen in some way accumulates all that man has created, but its approach is more aesthetic. All religions talk about truth, about beauty. In fact, truth, beauty and God -- satyam, shivam, sundram -- has been the ancient search. These are the three doors: satyam, truth -- but truth is a little hard, demands too much of you. Hence many never bother to ask what truth is. Godliness seems to be far away beyond the skies; the distance is so great that it discourages the traveler. Beauty is very close, in the flowers, in the birds singing; a solitary cuckoo deep in the forest gives a love call.

Zen's approach is to find the truth, but not to be as hard as philosophers tend to be -- more peaceful and more graceful. That's why no philosopher in the whole history of man has raised his consciousness to the point where you can call him a buddha. He talks much of things beyond, but if you look into his ordinary life he is just as you are. All his flights of thought, his dreamlands are writings on water. Writings on paper don't differ from writings on water. The only difference is: water is quick and finishes the writing; the papers, the books, the scriptures take a long time.

Zen has a very musical approach, a very poetic approach, the approach of a dancer, the approach of a lover. You have to treat existence with loving hands. You have arisen out of it, you will be dissolved into it one day. It is your life, it is your death. But whether in life or in death, you will remain part of the cosmos.

Zen does not talk about God, for the simple reason that there is no such person as God. What is there? -- a tremendous quality of eternal life all around. Nothing dies; if this wave is disappearing another wave is coming, and the disappearing wave will simply go to sleep just to rest, and will be back soon.

Hence, I will not say anything about God. Zen does not talk about it; but it certainly implies godliness. Then God becomes melted ice. Then the personality of God disappears into all living beings. Then God is not a person but the very existence.

Religions have been concerned about God and good, and they have created fossilized dogmas. And they are not willing even to change a little, although anybody can see

the foolishness. The foolishness is not God's. That poor fellow suffers at our hands.
Somebody has made the elephant a god. Somebody has made the monkey a god -- even without its permission. There are people who worship trees, and the trees must be giggling, "Why do these idiots waste their time bringing flowers and coconuts?"
Our own coconut has gone on a missionary trip. He was here and it was a good coincidence that when he was here, our Stonehead Niskriya, the first German Zen master, was not here. A single hit on the poor coconut, who used to go to Goa and come back....
And do you know why people offer coconuts? There was a time some five thousand years back, when men's actual heads were offered -- living men, young, in robust health, that was the condition. But because it was a great ritual and whoever offered themselves became immensely loved by the society. And particularly, the idea of meeting God... But slowly slowly, people started thinking that this is very stupid: nobody has returned, nobody has even written a postcard saying, "We have arrived," or any kind of news. And it looks so inhuman. The coconut is a substitute, because it has a little beard, two eyes, hairs.
If you go into the implications of your religious rituals you will find strange things hidden behind them. You will find the statues of the elephant god, Ganesha. You can make any stone a statue just by painting the stone red, and soon people will start worshipping it.
When for the first time the British empire started to put down tracks for the railway lines, they were in a very great difficulty, because they could not put the stones in that

denote the miles. Wherever they put the stone they would make it bright red, because bright red is more visible than any other color. And it was a difficulty for them. The villagers would come, would bring sweets, some flowers. A god has arrived in their town.
The British officers tried hard: "What are you doing? This is just a stone."
And the villagers laughed. They said, "You don't understand. This is not a stone; this is the symbol of the god Ganesha."
Why did red become so important? It was symbolic of blood. You could not pour blood on the god, but you could paint. And nobody thinks of the connection, that first blood was poured on, and later... For thousands of years man has been cutting off men's heads, offering heads with blood oozing out of them. As a little intelligence arose, they substituted a coconut for the head, and they substituted the red color for blood.
But if you tell them, you are in danger; you have hurt their religious feelings. I hear this phrase "religious feelings" only when they are hurt; otherwise nobody knows what these religious feelings are.
Zen is the purest religion, with no hang-ups.
Before I take the sutras, a little biographical note:

RYUSEN WAS A DISCIPLE OF KYOZAN. HE BECAME A MONK AT THE AGE OF SEVEN AND STUDIED ZEN UNDER DAIJI, A DISCIPLE OF HYAKUJO AND THEN WENT TO KYOZAN, UNDER WHOM HE BECAME ENLIGHTENED.

WHEN RYUSEN WAS ABOUT TO DIE, AT MIDNIGHT HE SAID TO HIS MONKS, "IF YOU USE UP THE MIND OF THE THREE WORLDS, THAT IS NIRVANA." SAYING THIS HE SAT IN THE PROPER MANNER, AND PASSED AWAY.

A man who has been going deeper into meditation passes the door of death many times. Whenever he goes, he passes it, whenever he comes back... It is simple to understand that death has nothing to do with life. Death is a door. If you move inside the door, you move into the universe. If you move outside the door, you move into mortal existence. And because we go on living on the outside our whole life, the fear of death arises.

And out of fear -- it is a chain -- other things will arise: out of fear you will believe in God; out of fear you will believe in the priest; out of fear you will go to the temple, to the mosque, to the church. Out of fear you will fast, out of fear you will worship; out of fear you will do all kinds of things. But anything done out of fear is not religious. That point is absolute. Anything arising out of fear cannot lead you to truth.

Truth needs guts and courage. It comes out of a loving search. The inquirer is a lover; he is trying to find the ultimate lover. Even the ordinary love affairs are stepping-stones. I am not against love, for the simple reason that that's how you will learn something, in fragments. Each love affair will give you some maturity, some integrity. But love is in bondage. The society has sealed every love. Anything that becomes a law becomes dead. When love becomes a marriage you are committing suicide. If love

remains a freedom, step-by-step you will be able to reach your innermost being. And you will have a good laughter, that the search was for yourself; the lover and the loved are not two. Other loves were failing because you were depending on the other. Unless you find in your inner consciousness both together, the love and the lover...

We have in India one of the most beautiful statues. It is ancient, because examples have even been found in the excavations of Harrapa and Mohanjo Daro. The statue is of ardhanarishwar; half of it is male, and half of the statue is female -- a tremendous insight.

Only Carl Gustav Jung in this century again brought up the question of what does it mean. As a psychologist he had of course a certain insight, but his insight was the lowest possible. He interpreted ardhanarishwar as meaning that all men and women have also their opposite sex within them. It is true, because you are born out of a father and a mother and both have contributed. How can you be only male? How can you be only female? But he stopped there, and that statue needs a much deeper exploration.

It is saying that if you go deep in meditation a moment comes when the lover finds the beloved -- not as a separate entity, but as one with himself. One is both: the lover and the loved. This non-duality, this non-dichotomy takes you to the point at the highest peak of consciousness where everything starts blossoming.

Ryusen moved from master to master with an open heart, with a receptivity, with a begging bowl, and finally he found Kyozan. And it is a strange experience, when you find your master; deep in your heart so many bells start

ringing, so much dance, every cell of your being... It becomes a celebration; you have found the master.
And when he found Kyozan, the road came to an end. Then he remained with Kyozan, and became enlightened. He established a new monastery in the mountains. And the night that death was going to come to him, he asked his disciples to wait, "because in the middle of the night I am going to leave my body."
This has been a Zen tradition, that at the last moment disciples ask the master whatever is the most prominent question in their mind, because the master will not be available any more.

Ryusen said, "IF YOU USE UP THE MIND OF THE THREE WORLDS, THAT IS NIRVANA." SAYING THIS HE SAT IN THE PROPER MANNER -- that is the lotus posture -- AND PASSED AWAY.

What does he mean?
According to Gautam Buddha -- and confirmed by all the awakened ones -- we are divided into three parts: the body, the mind, the being. And every part has its own mind. Even the body has its own mind. Without the body having its own mind you will not be able to live a single moment, because so much work is going on inside you. Blood is circulating, food is being transformed into its basic elements, and different parts of the body need different kinds of nourishment. The blood is continuously running, distributing... for example, if your mind does not get oxygen for six minutes, it will die, and you will die with it.

And the wisdom of the body is independent, because you have to sleep too. In sleep you may forget breathing. In fact, even awake you cannot remember your breathing. If you can remember your breathing for one minute, you are on the right path. You will be surprised that you cannot remember even for one minute; there are so many distractions.

Just put your wristwatch in front of you. Start looking, and suddenly you forget. You say, "Aha! So Stonehead is going somewhere with his staff," and you have forgotten what your work was. And then you remember, and then you feel full of repentance. Then you are again wasting time. Go back and remember.

It takes months to remember something for a single minute continuously without being distracted. All kinds of distractions are there: bananas... you cannot resist being distracted.

The mind has its own mind too. That's why it is not needed in the body. If surgery is needed, your whole brain can be taken out and put in the proper conditions where it gets the necessary nourishment. It is amazing that you will not know that it has been taken out of the body, and you will not know that there is any difference. You will still be counting on the lottery, "Let us see what happens this time. Tomorrow the lottery is going to be opened." And all kinds of things that were going on inside your mind will continue.

I have heard about a politician. They had to take his brain out to clean it; there was so much dust, so much garbage.

So they took the brain to another room and left the politician.
A man suddenly came running in and woke up the politician. "What are you doing here? You have been declared president of the country!"
Things looked a little different. When a person becomes a president, naturally it looks a little different. And he was going out with his friend when the doctors called him, "Where are you going? Your brain is still in the lab."
He said, "At least for five years I will not need it."

It is possible, and is going to become an actuality -- we have wasted so much brain energy -- Einstein's mind or Bertrand Russell's mind could have been kept. If they want to go, let them go. Their brains need a certain nourishment that could be given artificially; the minds could be kept alive as long as you want, and could continue to work. We have wasted so many minds. The day is not far away when great minds will be saved for the progress of science, for the progress of consciousness.

When the dying master said, "IF YOU USE UP THE MIND OF THE THREE WORLDS, THAT IS NIRVANA... If you can create a synchronicity between your mind, your being and the body, you have come to your fulfillment. Now there is no more. I am leaving this body in the middle of the night; otherwise in the morning as the news spreads so many people will come to prevent me, out of their love, out of their respect. So I am leaving this body like a thief. Remember my words as the last words of one who knows."

Now the sutra:
OUR BELOVED MASTER,
WHEN HE WAS WITH KYOZAN, RYUSEN WAS THE MONK IN CHARGE OF FOOD. ONE DAY A STRANGE MONK CAME AND ASKED FOR A MEAL, AT WHICH RYUSEN GAVE HIM PART OF HIS OWN. KYOZAN KNEW OF THIS BUT CALLED RYUSEN TO HIM AND ASKED, "THAT ENLIGHTENED MONK WHO CAME JUST NOW -- DID HE GIVE YOU ANY FOOD?"
RYUSEN SAID, "HE DENIED HIMSELF AND PASSED ON ALL HIS ALMS."
KYOZAN COMMENTED: "YOU MADE A GREAT PROFIT."

There are things which you can see, and there are things far superior, far more precious, that you cannot see.
In this incident the strange monk asked Ryusen -- who was in charge of the food of the monastery, but there was nothing to spare; only his own food was left, so he gave part of it to the stranger. This is the visible part; anybody can see it. Kyozan, the master, can see what is happening. He is also seeing what is not ordinarily seen. He called Ryusen and asked, "THAT ENLIGHTENED MONK WHO CAME JUST NOW -- DID HE GIVE YOU ANY FOOD?" He is asking him, "Did he give you anything in return?"
RYUSEN SAID, "HE DENIED HIMSELF AND PASSED ON all HIS ALMS."
KYOZAN COMMENTED: "YOU MADE A GREAT PROFIT."

Ryusen has given only a small part of his food, but the strange monk showered him with all his joy and blissfulness, with all his light and love -- which are not visible to the ordinary eye, but which are visible to one who is in the same state and height of consciousness. Kyozan had seen everything, but he wanted to know whether Ryusen had consciously received with thankfulness what that strange monk had given to him.

He does not call him "strange monk." In the beginning the anecdote says "a strange monk," but Kyozan calls him the enlightened monk. He was simply watching whatever was going on, the exchange.

What Ryusen gave was material, anybody can see it. But what he received is immaterial, it is spiritual. You can see it only if your inner eye is open. Listening to Ryusen's answer, Kyozan commented: "You made a great deal. You gave him ordinary food and he showered so much nourishment on you without being asked. YOU HAVE MADE A GREAT PROFIT."

The Buddha created a line which deviated from Hinduism on every point, on smaller immaterial points too. For example, the Hindu sannyasin for centuries has been called swami, the master. It has its own reasons. It is to remind him that he is the master, not to get subdued either by his mind or by anybody else. But there is also a danger. And the danger is by calling somebody a swami he may start thinking that he is a swami. And it may simply give nourishment, strength to his ego; the target has been missed. Buddha changed it. He did not call his sannyasins

swami; he called them just the opposite: Bhikkshu, the beggar. Why did he change it? There were reasons.
You should be as humble as a beggar. You should be humble to see how much existence is pouring out for your growth. You must be so humble that you can find your master. It was an absolute extreme from swami to bhikkshu.
But Buddha gave bhikkshu a great meaning. He made it golden. There are fingers which make things golden. There are people whose words bring the wordless into the world.

Issa wrote:
CUCKOO'S CRYING --
NOTHING SPECIAL TO DO,
NOR HAS THE BURWEED.

Zen's whole vision is: everything is exactly in its right place. You just have to relax. You don't have to do anything to make a better world; it is your activity which is making it worse every day. The lazy people certainly have one quality: they have never disturbed anybody.
Lazy people cannot be Genghis Khan killing thirty million people. They cannot be Tamerlane killing forty million people. They cannot be Nadirshah, they cannot be Alexander the Great, they cannot be Napoleon; they cannot be Ivan the Terrible, they cannot be Stalins, Mussolinis, Adolf Hitlers. Lazy people have one thing that is good: because they cannot be bothered, they remain out of trouble.

You may not have seen an authentic lazy man, but he is sitting before you. I have never done anything, so the question of good and bad does not arise.

Question 1
Maneesha has asked:
OUR BELOVED MASTER,
DOES THE URGE TO UNDERSTAND EVER BECOME A VIOLATION OF THE MYSTERY OF LIFE?

Maneesha, nothing can be a violation of the mystery of life, for the simple reason that there is no solution. So you can do as much gymnastics, what people call mind-fucking, as you like, but the mystery remains the same.

It is a good time for Sardar Gurudayal Singh.

George is watching a TV show, when it is interrupted by a special bulletin.
"Good evening," the announcer says. "The directors of the National Institute of Health have announced that, as of today, they will no longer be using rats in their experiments. Instead they will use lawyers. The chief director gave three reasons for the change:
First -- there are more lawyers than rats.
Second -- the lab technicians don't get as attached to lawyers as they do to rats.
And Third -- there are just some things that rats won't do!"

Mary returns home to America after her marriage to a Polack. She meets her friend, Susan, on the street.

"I heard you got married in Poland!" Susan exclaims.
"Yes," says Mary, "and after our wedding my husband gave me the longest, hardest thing I have ever seen!"
"Oh, really!" shrieks Susan. "What was that?"
Mary replies, "His name!"

Fred and Bill, two historians, are comparing ancient and modern history.
"Do you remember Julius Caesar's war slogan?" asks Bill.
"Yes," replies Fred. "In Latin it was: `Veni, Vidi, Vici.' It means: `I came, I saw, I conquered.'"
"Correct," says Bill. "And nowadays, all the young `Caesars' have a different slogan -- `Vidi, Vici, Veni' -- `I saw, I conquered, I came!'"

Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)
(Gibberish)

Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)

Be silent. Close your eyes, and feel your body to be completely frozen.
Now look inwards with your total consciousness, your whole life energy, and with an urgency as if it is your last moment of life.
You have to reach to the center of your being.
It is from this center you are connected with the universe.
Those who have reached this point are called buddhas, the awakened ones, because they know that what they appear

they are not, and what is hidden can be known only by themselves.
Their outer personality starts melting like ice.
This moment you are all buddhas. And the Buddha Auditorium has become a lake full of lotuses, utterly silent.
Just witness all this, because witnessing is your only nature. Everything is added to you; witnessing is your eternity.

To make it clear,
Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)

Relax, and remain a witness. The body is there, the mind is there, but you are neither. You are just a witness. A pure witness without any flaw is the goal of all the buddhas.
Melt, melt. For the first time know your real nature. The evening was beautiful on its own, but ten thousand buddhas it has not seen for centuries. There is rejoicing... Flowers are showering on you.
Collect as many flowers as possible, and persuade the buddha to come from the hidden to the circumference. And remember around the clock as many times as possible that you are the buddha.

Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)

Come back, but come back as buddhas. That is your dignity and your privilege. Peacefully, gracefully, sitting for few a moments just recollect the depth you have reached -- because every day you have to go deeper. The deeper you

go, the closer comes the buddha. If you take one step towards the buddha, he takes one thousand steps.
And remember the blissfulness, the peace, the serenity, in your acts, in your behavior, in your gestures, in your words, in your silences. Fill your whole life with roses.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes Beloved Master.

Kyozan: A True Man of Zen

Chapter #4
Chapter title: A stone striking bamboo
6 December 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

OUR BELOVED MASTER,
KYOZAN WAS UNCERTAIN AS TO THE VALIDITY OF KYOGEN'S ENLIGHTENMENT SO, BY WAY OF TESTING HIM, HE SAID TO KYOGEN, "I HAVE HEARD THAT YOU COMPOSED A VERSE EXPRESSING YOUR ENLIGHTENMENT. PLEASE LET ME HEAR IT AND I WILL STUDY IT."
WHEN KYOGEN HAD FINISHED RECITING THE VERSE, HE SAID, "WE WILL LEAVE IT READY FOR SOME LEISURE TIME," AND HE THEN PROCEEDED TO MAKE ANOTHER VERSE:
"LAST YEAR MY POVERTY WAS NOT REAL POVERTY;
THIS YEAR MY POVERTY IS THE REAL THING.
LAST YEAR THERE WAS NO PLACE

FOR THE AWL TO BE STRUCK;
THIS YEAR I HAVEN'T EVEN AN AWL."
ON HEARING THIS VERSE, KYOZAN COMMENTED, "WHAT YOU HAVE GOT IS JUST NYORAI ZEN, NOT PATRIARCHAL ZEN."
KYOGEN THEN MADE ANOTHER VERSE:
"I HAD A POTENTIALITY
WHICH I SHOW TO HIM.
IF HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND IT,
LET HIM CALL THE ATTENDANT!"
KYOZAN THEN COMMENTED:
"FORTUNATELY, YOU HAVE NOW ATTAINED TO PATRIARCHAL ZEN."

Maneesha, it hurts me to disturb your silence by using words, but I hope a day will arrive when we will be sitting together allowing the silence to become deeper -- because whatever can be said only touches the periphery, it never goes beyond the periphery. No word has ever reached to the center.
Zen brought it in, in a very strong way. No other religion has been so strong on the point. Words have to be discarded by words themselves, just as poison has to be destroyed by more poison.
These sutras bring many implications. You are not only hearing my words, you are also hearing me, and that is the true hearing: my heartbeat. And when all the present buddhas here breathe in tune, in a rhythm, even the impossible becomes possible.
I have entitled this series, **KYOZAN: A TRUE MAN OF ZEN**. I have not given any speciality to him, for the simple

reason that he avoided speciality, uniqueness, some higher quality. He removed himself deep into the forest just to avoid seekers. But if you have found the truth, if your innermost lotus has blossomed, wherever you go seekers will come. There seems to be an inner pathway.

The seeker may not know even where he is going. He may not be aware of his thirst, may not be aware of the truth, but he starts moving towards the master.

Mostly the master has nothing to do. He teaches you simply a different way of being graceful. He gives you a beauty that no mirror can give to you. He gives you a dignity. He declares your potential buddhahood, and unless your potential buddhahood is declared you may never think that in the innermost core you are a buddha. The master makes many devices, but the aim is the same.

Zen is religion and is not religion. It is religion in the sense that it brings you to your godliness, which no other religion has been capable of doing. All other religions live with the idea of a god far away beyond the clouds. Zen proclaims your god is your innermost being, and the moment you reach to your innermost being all your personality disappears as if it was a dream, and now you are awake.

Have you ever asked what happened to the dream when you have been dreaming the whole night? Strange, so much time is devoted to dreaming. If you sleep eight hours, then six hours are devoted to dreaming, only two hours for dreamless sleep. But in the morning, the moment you wake up, suddenly you realize you were asleep and you were dreaming. And that cuts you off from a world you have been in for six hours.

Zen is religion in the sense that it helps you to drop the false, the sleepy, the fake, that which up to now you believed was your personality.

A great king, Prasenjita, came to Buddha. He brought a beautiful lotus flower. It was out of season, and it has its own story.
A shoemaker had a pond behind his house. And suddenly they were puzzled -- out of season a beautiful blue lotus. It had never happened before. So the shoemaker thought, "Somebody who goes every day to worship Buddha and listen to Buddha may purchase it. Perhaps one rupee?" The poor man could not think it could be more.
As he came out of his house the richest man of the town was going to pay his respects to Buddha. He suddenly stopped his chariot and he asked Sudas -- that was the name of the shoemaker -- "How much will you take for this flower?"
Sudas said, "I have never sold flowers, never purchased them. It is better you give your offer. It is out of season."
The richest man, according to his dignity, said, "I will give you one hundred rupees" -- beyond the conception of Sudas.
But just then another chariot stopped. The king was going to Buddha, and the king said to Sudas, "I have purchased that flower. I will pay ten times more than the rich man is offering you."
This was even more surprising -- one thousand rupees for one flower! So that flower was a revelation to Sudas. He thought, "I am so poor I cannot afford to refuse, but my whole being says, `Refuse this offer. Go yourself to

Buddha and offer the flower directly.' But my poverty is so much I cannot afford it."
The king thought, "Perhaps he considers the price is not yet right." He said to Sudas, "Don't think. Whatever you want to ask will be given. I have offered one thousand rupees. Do you want ten thousand rupees, one hundred thousand rupees?"
Sudas was going mad. One hundred thousand rupees he cannot even count!
Prasenjita ordered his people to deliver one hundred thousand rupees to Sudas.
Of course, the rich man did not contest it, it was futile. The king would not accept defeat in any way. It could even lead to bloodshed.
And when Prasenjita offered the flower to Buddha, all that Buddha said was, "Drop it." He dropped the flower. What else can you do before a buddha if he says, "Drop the flower"?
Now he was standing with empty hands and Buddha again said, "Drop it too!" This was beyond the mind and its comprehension.
Sariputra said to Prasenjita, "Buddha does not mean the flower; Buddha means the ego. You are so full of ego; even offering, touching the feet of Buddha, your ego has not changed even a little bit. And to be with Buddha, the only way is to drop your ego, your personality."

In this small anecdote is contained the whole of Zen. You have to drop all that has been given to you by others. You have to reach to your innermost center which you have

carried from eternity to eternity. And then life is a bliss, then life is love, then life contains all kinds of ecstasies. Zen is not a religion because there is no reference to God, soul, heaven and hell, no rituals. It is a very concentrated effort to penetrate to your very being. Drop, go on dropping anything that you can drop. When only a witness remains which you cannot drop, you have arrived home. Zen has brought religion to its scientific crescendo.

Before the sutras...
KYOGEN WAS A FELLOW DISCIPLE OF KYOZAN. HE STUDIED UNDER ISAN FOR A WHILE BUT, FAILING TO ATTAIN ENLIGHTENMENT, HE LEFT ISAN AND WENT TO NANYANG, WHERE HE LIVED A SOLITARY EXISTENCE IN A HUT IN THE FOREST. HE REALIZED HIS ENLIGHTENMENT ONE DAY ON HEARING THE SOUND OF A STONE STRIKING BAMBOO.

Somebody must have thrown a stone that struck the bamboo and created a sound. And this is strange: hearing the sound of a stone striking bamboo brought his enlightenment. What has happened?
He lived with Kyozan's master, Isan, who transformed a great number of disciples into enlightenment, but Kyogen failed.
Sometimes when you think you have failed you drop the mind, the mind of the achiever. The mind turns everything into an object: "Achieve this, attain that!" Mind makes everything a goal.

Frustrated that he is not attaining enlightenment, HE LEFT ISAN AND WENT TO LIVE A SOLITARY EXISTENCE IN A HUT IN THE FOREST.
HE REALIZED HIS ENLIGHTENMENT ONE DAY ON HEARING THE SOUND OF A STONE STRIKING BAMBOO.

There are moments of which you may not be aware, but if you have dropped the idea of attaining anything, any achievement, mind slowly slowly settles. If there is nowhere to go, why prepare for it? If nothing has to be achieved, then why unnecessarily harass yourself?
It was not the stone hitting the bamboo, it was really the right moment, a coincidence. The bamboo made the sound in a mind that was utterly empty, that had dropped even the idea of enlightenment. What Isan could not do, what no master can do, was done by hearing the sound of a stone striking bamboo.

AFTER THIS, KYOGEN LEFT HIS HERMITAGE AND WENT BACK TO ISAN, WHO CONFIRMED HIS ENLIGHTENMENT.

He has gone for two reasons back to Isan: to see whether Isan recognizes his enlightenment or not, and to express his gratitude to him, to say that without being with him for fifteen years doing all kinds of meditations, he could not have dropped everything; without those fifteen years of strenuous work, it would not have been possible for him to have become enlightened by the sound of a stone striking the bamboos.

He still considers Isan his master; he prepared him. Although enlightenment did not happen in his vicinity, the preparation had been done by Isan wherever it was going to happen. So these were the two reasons: to show his gratitude by putting his head on Isan's feet, and to wait to see whether Isan recognizes what has happened to him. Recognition is not a kind of certificate. It is simply that a man of clear insight can decide more easily about the new phenomenon. For Kyozan it was so new. He has never known such a thing; what to call it? Is this enlightenment? He wanted to know also.

AFTER THIS, KYOGEN LEFT HIS HERMITAGE AND WENT BACK TO ISAN, WHO CONFIRMED HIS ENLIGHTENMENT -- without his asking.

Enlightenment is such a subtle fragrance, so invisible a flower that only another enlightened person can recognize it. As far as others are concerned, they are absolutely blind. If you ask them whether the sun has risen or not, they will say, "It never set. The question of rising does not arise. I am a blind man, I cannot make judgments about light. That window is closed for me."
So first people go from one teacher to another teacher in search of the master. And even if they have found the master, it is not certain that they will become enlightened. Their greed for it, their ambition for it prevents it.
Perhaps tired, bored, they leave the master. They find far more freedom, a greater space, more clarity just being away from the master. And if they have really dropped the ambitious mind, then anything -- a cuckoo singing, or the

bamboos making songs of their own in the strong wind, or the oceanic waves -- it does not matter what....
The point is, if you are prepared, and not asking for anything, not even for enlightenment, the right moment has come for you. Then the whole world from anywhere may bring you the light, the eyes, the interiority which you were missing -- although you were trying. And you were missing because you were trying. Don't try! Simply let it happen. And watch.
Here, when you do the meditation every evening, your function is to watch very silently how the body makes itself comfortable. It is not a question of trying. You cannot try relaxation -- only in America!
There are books sold in millions of copies. When I came across such a book, it said, "You must relax!" Now that `must' will not allow you to relax; that `must' is your problem; that `must' is keeping you tense, strained.
You must not be; and suddenly there is relaxation. You are not, then relaxation is.

The sutra:

KYOZAN WAS UNCERTAIN AS TO THE VALIDITY OF KYOGEN'S ENLIGHTENMENT SO, BY WAY OF TESTING HIM, HE SAID TO KYOGEN, "I HAVE HEARD THAT YOU COMPOSED A VERSE EXPRESSING YOUR ENLIGHTENMENT. PLEASE LET ME HEAR IT AND I WILL STUDY IT."
WHEN KYOGEN HAD FINISHED RECITING THE VERSE, HE SAID, "WE WILL LEAVE IT READY FOR

SOME LEISURE TIME," AND HE THEN PROCEEDED TO MAKE ANOTHER VERSE:
"LAST YEAR MY POVERTY WAS NOT REAL POVERTY;
THIS YEAR MY POVERTY IS THE REAL THING.
LAST YEAR THERE WAS NO PLACE
FOR THE AWL TO BE STRUCK;
THIS YEAR I HAVE NOT EVEN AN AWL."

The awl is an instrument -- just like a bamboo but very pointed -- for marking surfaces, piercing leather.
What is false poverty and what is real poverty?
LAST YEAR, he says, MY POVERTY WAS NOT REAL POVERTY; I was only pretending to be nobody. But I knew who I was. In fact I was enriching my ego by the idea that I was nobody, that I was the humble, the simple person.
THIS YEAR MY POVERTY IS THE REAL THING. This year I am not proclaiming my ego or any egoistic attitude. This year I don't know what is humbleness. This year I don't know what is egolessness. This year I have really become poor.
But in the world of Zen this poverty, the real poverty -- which is not concerned with your possessions, with your money, with your acquirements in the world -- the real poverty means the ego has shattered, ambition has left you. Even if you meet God you will not have anything to ask him. Such deep poverty is really great richness.
When a man can meet God himself -- this is just for argument's sake; there is no God. Don't start searching for him; you will not find him, particularly in Koregaon Park.

But just for the argument's sake, if you meet God, do you have some ambition to be fulfilled, a desire to be completed?
If you don't have anything to beg for, in your poverty you have become the richest man in history. You don't have anything to depend on. Now this richness, this poverty cannot be taken away from you.

ON HEARING THIS VERSE, KYOZAN COMMENTED, "WHAT YOU HAVE GOT IS JUST NYORAI ZEN, NOT PATRIARCHAL ZEN."

Nyorai Zen implies Buddhist, pre-Daruma Zen. Patriarchal Zen is that handed down from master to master after Daruma.
Bodhidharma's name in Japan changed into Daruma, and with Daruma there came a divergence of paths. Traditional Buddhism does not recognize what has grown through Bodhidharma's insight.
So when, ON HEARING THIS VERSE, KYOZAN COMMENTED, "WHAT YOU HAVE GOT IS JUST NYORAI ZEN, NOT PATRIARCHAL ZEN," he means, "You have got a great insight into things by following the traditional Buddhism, but you don't know there are higher skies beyond the skies, which Bodhidharma opened, which is called Patriarchal Zen"
Bodhidharma has contributed so much that he has become himself a new source of realization, and his insight is more revolutionary. He has used new methods; he has used new devices, finding words impotent. His contribution is so great that the traditional Buddhism has become as dead as

all traditional religions have become. But what Bodhidharma brought is still alive.
He himself is a disciple of Buddha, but his addition of new methods, of new strategies which were not even thought of by Buddha...
You cannot think of Buddha hitting a "poor" Maneesha. When she asked the question, her poverty was not true poverty. But when Zen Master Stonehead hit her head with his staff, she bowed down with gratitude.
Just think, if somebody hits you and you bow down and express your thankfulness, the poverty changes. It becomes real poverty, and the real poverty is the real richness. The false poverty is dependent on your possessions.
The man who brought me to Poona sometime in the sixties was a good Marathi and Hindi writer, Rishabhdas Ranka. He had lived in Mahatma Gandhi's ashram and was very much respected. According to Gandhi, all religions are one, no religion is higher or lower. Rishabhdas Ranka was writing a book on this theme. I asked him what the title of his book was. The title was: BHAGWAN MAHAVIRA AND MAHATMA GAUTAM BUDDHA: A COMPARATIVE STUDY.
I told him, "You have already decided that Mahavir is "Bhagwan" and Buddha is just a mahatma. You are not an unprejudiced researcher. What are your grounds?"
All that he could find was that Mahavira's dispossession of things was total, because he discarded even clothes, he remained naked, and Buddha kept three garments. "That's why I cannot call him `Bhagwan'."
I said, "Then how can Buddhism and Jainism and Islam and Christianity all be at the same level of evolution? Jesus

even drinks alcohol. Where are you going to put Jesus? And just three garments put Buddha lower than Mahavira! Because you are born a Jaina, you are still carrying the conditioning."

I refute completely the idea that all religions are the same. Most religions are not even religions. And if you look without any prejudice, any predetermined idea, you will be able to see who has reached to the Everest of consciousness. Others are perhaps on the way, and some others may even be going backwards. It is a whole panorama.

And small things make people fuss so much.

This man says, "Your Zen is not Patriarchal. It is traditional." That is not the point. If you are enlightened, you may have become enlightened from a Hassidic tradition, you may have come from a Sufi source, you may have come from a Zen background -- it does not matter. The enlightened man is simply enlightened consciousness, a house full of light, a house full of songs, a house where dance continues, a festivity for eternity. At that point who cares by what path you traveled? When you have reached the ultimate consciousness, you have reached!

Still you make distinctions: "This fellow used to wear clothes; he should be given a lower seat." What will you do with Mohammed? What will you do with Jesus? Or Moses? And from their side it does not matter if once in a while Jesus gets a little drunk. He has harmed nobody, a nice fellow, does not give disciplines that are too restrictive.

I refute the very idea that all religions are the same. Most of them are not religions at all. A few individuals in those

traditions have reached ultimate consciousness; by what path, from north or south, is immaterial.
You should see the fruit, the ripe fruit. You should not bother in what climate, in what soil it has grown.

KYOGEN THEN MADE ANOTHER VERSE:
"I HAD A POTENTIALITY
WHICH I SHOW TO HIM.
IF HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND IT,
LET HIM CALL THE ATTENDANT!"

Calling the attendant means: throw this man out. "I have told in a small, summarized form my understanding of enlightenment. If he does not understand," he says, "it is better to call the attendant."
KYOZAN THEN COMMENTED: "FORTUNATELY, YOU HAVE NOW ATTAINED TO PATRIACHAL ZEN."

Kyozan was simply trying to figure out whether this man has reached the peak. What he said would be acceptable to the old Buddhist tradition. But now calling the attendant to throw him out would not be accepted by Buddha. But it would be accepted by Bodhidharma, the patriarch.
KYOZAN THEN COMMENTED: "Good, FORTUNATELY, YOU HAVE NOW ATTAINED TO PATRIARCHAL ZEN -- in a single moment. First you were talking the way traditional Buddhist priests talk. Now you are calling the attendant to beat you and throw you out. This shows that you have also understood the contribution of the patriarch, Bodhidharma."

Basho wrote:
CICADA -- DID IT
CHIRP TILL IT
KNEW NOTHING ELSE?

I have told you, Zen masters just note down their impressions of the world. And their impressions are certainly golden. They have clarity and subtlety.

Basho wrote:
CICADA -- DID IT
CHIRP TILL IT
KNEW NOTHING ELSE?

Just chirping, just chirping, the cicada did it without knowing anything else, utterly blissful, in tune with existence, no problem, no anxiety -- the cicada did it.
The whole existence is doing it except man. Man has got puzzled in his mind. Rather than seeing, he has started thinking. And our whole education, our whole society wants us to think, not to see, because we have hidden many ugly things around us. "Don't see them!" -- as if they are not there.
Life needs a total openness. The more open you are, the more existence you have.

Question 1
Maneesha has asked:
OUR BELOVED MASTER,

TO REMEMBER TO WITNESS, COULD IT BE HELPFUL TO START WITH ONE ROUTINE -- LIKE SHOWERING OR MAKING THE BED -- IN WHICH AS MUCH AWARENESS IS BROUGHT TO THE MOMENT AS POSSIBLE? THEN WHEN ONE IS ABLE TO MAINTAIN THAT FOR SEVERAL DAYS, ANOTHER ACTIVITY COULD BE UNDERTAKEN IN THE SAME MANNER. PERHAPS TRIGGERS COULD ALSO BE USED -- LIKE A PARTICULAR PERSON OR A CERTAIN COLOR -- TO RECALL THE SPACE OF WITNESSING.
IS THIS A GOOD IDEA OR ARE THERE PITFALLS I CAN'T SEE?

Maneesha, it is a good idea, but you will still get a hit. Stonehead, a real German hit!
(THERE IS THE SOUND OF NISKRIYA'S ZEN STICK TAPPING MANEESHA ON THE HEAD.)
Good!

Now Gurudayal Singh is thinking his time seems to have come.

The third-grade teacher calls on Little Ernie and says, "Can you use the word `beautiful' twice in the same sentence?" "Oh, sure," replies Ernie. "Um... Yesterday, my sister came home, told my father that she was pregnant, and he said, "Beautiful, fucking beautiful!"

Doctor Geet, the dentist, begins to work on the teeth of a voluptuous young woman. All of a sudden, he feels soft

warm fingers slide up the inside of his thigh, encircle his family jewels, and then gently squeeze them. Doctor Geet stops his work.
"Now that I have got your attention, doctor," says the woman, smiling sweetly, "we are not going to hurt each other, are we?"

"The Israeli War"...
The prime minister of Israel calls a special cabinet meeting in secret session. The prime minister reports that the prolonged Middle East conflict is weakening the country; inflation is rampant; the people are discouraged and the future is very gloomy. He asks for proposals.
One cabinet member suggests that Israel declare war on the United States. "Then," he says, "after the defeat, they will do with us what they have done with Germany and Japan. We will become a great, prosperous nation!"
The prime minister remains somber and says, "Yes, but suppose we win?"

Gorgeous Gloria walks into the bar and sits down next to Big Black Rufus. She eyes him up and down carefully, then orders herself a drink.
"I am really impressed with the size of your huge chest," Gloria whispers to Rufus.
"Yup," says Rufus. "It is sixty-two inches -- I measured it this morning after pumping iron."
"Really?" says Gloria, her eyes widening. "And I must say," she coos, "that you look very strong with those steel-packed arm muscles you have."

"Yup," replies Rufus. "Twenty-five inches -- I measured them this morning."
Gloria swallows down her drink, smiles hotly at Rufus, points at his machinery, and says, "My, that looks rather nice, too."
"Yup," replies Rufus, "two inches -- I measured it this morning."
"Two inches?" gasps Gloria, "only two inches?"
"Yup," replies Rufus, with a grin. "From the floor!"

Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)
(Gibberish)

Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)

Be silent. Close your eyes. Feel your body to be completely frozen.
Now look inwards with all your life energy, with all your consciousness, and with an urgency to reach the center of your being, urgently as if this could be your last moment.
This moment, at your very center, you are the buddha. This is the only thing: witnessing, which is eternal. Thousands of bodies you have lived in before, but you lived only outwardly. Don't miss this life.
You are the buddha when you are witnessing the body as separate, the mind as separate, and yourself just a mirror reflecting.

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)

Relax. The body is there, the mind is there, but you are neither. You are the one who is witnessing, and that is the meaning of the buddha: the one who is witnessing.

The night was beautiful in itself, but by your relaxed consciousness merging into each other, it has become a splendor, a miracle.
You have to collect as much grace, peace, silence, as many flowers that are showering, as much juice that is flowing from your center as possible, because you have to bring buddha every day closer to your outer life.
The day your center and circumference are one, that will be the day of your enlightenment.
Before Nivedano calls you, collect as much gold to bring to the circumference as you can. And persuade the buddha -- it has been long he has been hiding in you -- to come with you.

Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)

Even in coming, show the grace, the beauty of a buddha, of an awakened being.
For a few minutes sit silently recalling the golden path you had moved on to the center and again back to the circumference.
In your day-to-day life remember as much as you can, but don't make it a tension -- a relaxed undercurrent that you are a buddha. And in your being a buddha,

the whole universe becomes the buddha.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.